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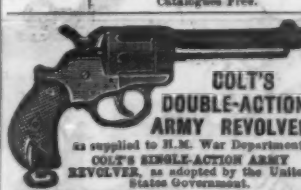


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PRACTICAL!

"OH YES—CAPITAL SUPPER! BUT I WASN'T VERY HUNGRY, SO I JUST TOLD THE WAITER TO BRING ME THE MRANGS, YOU KNOW."

"OH, TOMMY! THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO PRONOUNCE M-R-A-N-G-E-S-U-P!"

"NO; BUT IT'S THE WAY TO GET 'EM!"

THE LORD MARE AMONG THIEVES!

I DON'T seem quite to see wot things is a cumming to with all this wheelagig of change a turning round us. It seems to me as if dignerty, the one golden key that binds the hupper classes together from the familiarity of the mere wulger mob, was a letting of itself down jest a peg or two too lo. I well remembur, sum year or so ago, epressing them same sentiments to the LORD MARE'S State Coachman, jest after he'd bin a driving his Lordship to the Jewnear Garrick Club, and he quite agreed with me, and if anybody ort to know sumthing about dignerty, I shoold s'pose as he ort. "Them play-actors and hartists, ROBERT," says he, "is all werry well in their way, and all werry omusing in their way, and in their rite place, but sumtimes familiarity does breed a sumthink that isn't quite the same as respec, and Lord Mares without no respec is sumthink like Royalty without no money."

Them was reel words of wisdom, them was, and I laid 'em to art. My wun consolashun was that at enny rate we had got to the werry lowest depth of impropriety, little thinking that, as the Poet says, within the werry lowest depths there's a werry much lower 'un, and that a coming Lord Mare wood plunge hedlong into it. But so it is, and only about a fortnit ago a site was seen in Little Wild Street, Drewry Lane, as praps Drewry Lane itself in its werry Wildest days never even emadgined! Let any sane Gent. or thortfool Lady, try to emadgine the Rite Honourabul the LORD MARE of London taking supper, in a most frendly way, with sum hundreds of theeves and other bad carakters! and wot a supper for his poor Lordship! Cold Beef and Pickels, and cold plumb pudden! It gives me quite a cold shudder to think of it. And not a drop of ginerous wine to help to dergeest it. I wunder what Mr. Alderman SAVOURY, who akumpanied his Lordship, thort of the unsavoury maynew?

As if to pile up the staggerers 'till one amost busts with astonishment, I'm told as a Judge took the Chair! and then, as a clymaks to the hole wundarful proceedins, the Theeves acshally gave the Secretary a gold watch! I was not told weather it were a new 'un.

A BALLAD OF BILLIARDS.

[The billiard season has commenced, and COOK and ROBERTS and other professionals have made some long scores.]

THE billiard season has begun,
And we shall see full many a run,
That's made by hook or crook;
The ordinary game is hard,
But when you come to "spot shot barred,"
Then take a leaf from Cook.

Though some folks sneer about the spot,
The amateur will catch it hot,
Who tries the stroke to make;
It's easy when a ROBERTS plays,
But duffers find to their amaze,
They ne'er achieve a "break."

Don't listen to the books which say
That mathematics make your play,
They only lead to shame;
For since all billiards began,
'Tis practice only makes a man
An expert at the game.

One ROBERTS, in the days of old,
As many sporting prints have told,
Was champion of all;
But now young ROBERTS, PRALL, and COOK
Have brought the veteran to book,
And win with cue and ball.

But leave professionals their play,
We'll show you a more charming way
To circle tables green,
A fair antagonist oppose,
A lady who too surely knows
What "winning hazards" mean.

She'll "pot" you with supremest grace,
A smile upon her pretty face,
And delicately score;
And though at billiards you wield
A doughty cue, upon that field,
You're lost for evermore.

A CABINET QUESTION.—"Has the Government a Policy?" Of course. A Policy of Marine Insurance.

However, there's one consolation for us all, even in such a hincident as this. It doesn't seem much to matter to a reel Lord Mare, sitch as we has now, where he goes, or who he meets, he can allers hold his own, and be respected alike by all, from the Prince on his throne down to the poor penitent thief in Wild Street, Drewry Lane. And so it was on this most remarkable coashun. He fust gives 'em sum of that good advice, witch is so werry much easier to give than to foller; he then gives 'em sum real manly pitty, and acshally tells 'em as, arter all, it's ony a matter of luck as one of them wasn't a Lord Mare, and be summat werry different! Talk of umblin yerself before your betting men, think of a Lord Mare humbling hisself afore thieves! But his Lordship doesn't even stop there, but, hearing as how as their kind friends wants jest about a thousand pound or so, jest to keep 'em strait through the summer, he promises to speak to one or two of the much abused City Companies, and get 'em the money; and as this was wot one of the helderly theeves called "cumming to the pint," didn't they all jest ocher.

So now, having got 'em all into the werry best of good humers, and in jest the werry best mood for reseiving a good himpression from this good type of a Lord Mare, he acshally hoffers to resite 'em a littel poem, and accordingly, with that bootiful voice of his that he nose so well how to use, he repeats to 'em all the true story of "King Bruce and the Spider," of witch I spose the moral is "Try again."

Weather that was the best maxim to instill into a Pennyntent Thief, I must leave others to judge, but this I must and will say, that admitting, for the sake of argyment, as it's rite under any circumstances for the werry hiest to mingle with the werry lowest, his Lordship went through the trying hordcal not only without losing a single ounce of his ofshal dignerty, but in a way that, if possorbel, hadded to it.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Readers of the First Edition of Mr. BROWNING's works are, like the Edition itself, thoroughly exhausted. They are now taking a rest; and hope it will be some time before the Second Edition is ready.



HARDLY NECESSARY.

IT FLASHED ACROSS JONES'S MIND, AS HIS HORSE FLEW OVER THE FIRST FENCE, THAT HE REALLY MUST TAKE A FEW LESSONS IN LEAPING!

NOT A LUMINOUS GLOBE.

THE Holidays approach opportunely to afford leisure for an attempt to master the intricacies of the following stupendous sentence, cut from the *Globe* of Tuesday, December 9th:—

"This morning THOMAS DUDLEY, the captain, and EDWIN STEPHENS, the mate of the yacht *Mignonette*, were brought up in the custody of the governor of Holloway Prison to have sentence pronounced on them by the Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord COLERIDGE), Mr. Justice GROVE, Mr. Justice DENMAN, Baron POLLOCK, and Baron HUDDLESTON, sitting as Judges possessing the criminal jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench Division, which was reserved to them under the Judicature Acts, when they were formally declared to be guilty of the murder of RICHARD PARKER, a lad between seventeen and eighteen years of age, on the high seas, on July 25th in the present year, in order that the Court might give their reasons for the conclusions at which they had arrived on the question argued before their Lordships on Thursday last, whether the crime charged against the prisoners did or did not amount to wilful murder."

One thing at least is clear, that the Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Justice GROVE, Mr. Justice DENMAN, Baron POLLOCK, and Baron HUDDLESTON "were formally declared to be guilty of the murder of RICHARD PARKER on the high seas." But it is not so clear why they should have committed this heinous crime "in order that the Court might give their reasons for the conclusions at which they had arrived."

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Of Scotland Yard, of Paris, and *la rousse*;
Of players, prisons, sentiment, and snobbery,
Finance, flirtation, forgery, and robbery—
Does ARTHUR GRIFFITHS tell in *Fast and Loose*.

"FROM POST TO FINISH."

A DASHING tale by HAWLEY SMART—
The plot we mean not to impart;
But you must heed it!
'Tis full of incident and sport,
Of love and marriage, and in short—
You're bound to read it!
As we read on, it is confessed,
We find the story's interest
Does not diminish:
The writer ne'er forgets his art,
And all is clever, all is—Smart
From Post to Finish!

THREE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

If you live by Thames or Humber,
If you single be or mated,
You must have the Christmas Number,
Of the dear old *Illustrated*!
If your home's near Kew or Clumber,
If you're surly or seraphic,
You must take the Christmas Number,
Of the many-pictured *Graphic*!
If at Stockton or Stogumber,
You feel dismal or ecstatic;
You must get the Christmas Number,
Of the *Sporting and Dramatic*!

LADY BRASSEY'S NEW BOOK.

SEND off at once, you won't be wrong, Man,
And get without delay from LONGMAN,
The latest work of Lady BRASSEY's,
Which former effort quite surpasses!
What graphic pow'r and sparks of fun beam,
Throughout the Story of the *Sunbeam*!
And skilful Mr. R. T. PRITCHETT,
With clever drawings doth enrich it:
A lively book of the right sort is,
In *Tropics, Trades, and Roaring Forties*!

A REAL HOGG IN ARMOUR.

SIR SAMUEL M'GAREL-HOGG, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has introduced a Bill for conferring further powers on the Board as regards the supply of water. One power proposed is that of prosecuting or defending not only legal proceedings instituted by or against the Board, but also those instituted by or against any consumer of water in the Metropolis, relating to the supply or to the Companies. That sounds hopeful, even heroic. Mr. *Punch* pictures—"in his mind's-eye, HORATIO"—the Board of Works fighting the Water Companies much as FLAXMAN pictured "Achilles contending with the Rivers" in the *Iliad*. Let us hope that when, and if, the fight comes off, it may be as Homerically heroic as it sounds, and its issue be in the interest of the sorely handicapped Public, who, not being able to calculate upon a succession of Dauntless DOBBIES, stand much in need of other than volunteer champions.

CHRISTIANLY CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.—Never mind about "Justice in Turkey," let us do "Justice to Turkey," ay, and to Sausages too. Why not? Why should Sausages be left out in the cold? No! Justice to all alike. Yours truly,
PETER PUDDINGHEAD.



THE AFRICAN VENUS.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

PARLIAMENTS must sometimes adjourn, and so, Mr. Punch supposes, must Royal Commissions. That on the Housing of the Working Classes has suspended its sittings until 19th February, 1885. The PRINCE of WALES and his colleagues have, it appears, been pegging away to the tune of two meetings per week during the sitting of Parliament, have taken heaps of evidence, and accumulated piles of facts and opinions. And "it is hoped that the Report relating to England and Wales will be presented to HER MAJESTY before Easter." Well, if it does, and if it embody practical suggestions for prompt action, HER MAJESTY and her loyal subjects—Mr. Punch prominent amongst them—will probably say, as HERRICK did of the damsel's dancing,—

"No sun upon an Easter Day
Was half so fine a sight."

But Pelion upon Ossa of "facts and opinions" will not help the slum-dwellers more than picturesque statements, or impassioned appeals, unless made the basis and inspiration of large and undelayed activity. Mr. Punch will keep his eyes open for that Easter Egg, and trusts it may not turn out to be an addled one.

JOSEPH WARNER HENLEY.

Born, 1793. Died, December 9, 1884.

GONE! "Government by gab" its ministrants
Finds in the votaries of the fads and cant.
Were HENLEYS not so rare, they'd dower the earth
With Government by sense and solid worth.

REDISTRIBUTION. — "A List of Possible Candidates!" "Non-sense! there can't be more than one possible 'Candidate,'" says Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM—"Criterion." The Authorship of this successful Play is now attributed to either Mr. NEWDEGATE or Mr. WARTON; or both, in "collaboration."

LORD TENNYSON's latest work is play. In the First Act, *Becket* is "fighting with beasts" at Northampton. Is there in this any modern political allusion? The phantom M.P. for Northampton would be a nasty one to tackle even for St. Dunstan, let alone "BECKET."

GAIETY—MORE OR LESS.

A FEW years ago the accomplished representative of Mr. REEVE's edition of *Aladdin* made a great success as a London gamin. This



Farren and Shine!

success has been repeated in Mr. WILLIAM YARDLEY's bright parody of SHAKESPEARE and BARRETT's amusing trifle at the Princess's. Miss FARREN is at her best in depicting Cockney life. Before the burlesque she plays *Nan* in *Good for Nothing*, with a heartiness and truthfulness that recalls pleasant memories of Mrs. KEELEY. In *Very Little Hamlet* she is *Nan's* brother plus Miss FARREN in a Gaiety burlesque. Although the other members of the Company work with a will, and play their best, the lady with the historic theatrical name carries off the honours of the evening. Mr. SHINE naturally does not hide his light, and as the *Ghost* is nearly—but not quite—as funny as the gentleman who plays the same part in the Oxford Street Version of *The Prince of Denmark*. For the rest the piece has bright music, pretty dresses, and a perfectly harmless libretto. Mr. WILLIAM YARDLEY, who has quite as much right to be called "WILLIAM" as SHAKESPEARE had, is, as is well known, a distinguished cricketer (which is more than SHAKESPEARE was anyhow) and in this instance he has made a hit and scored one run. In the meanwhile we have to report that, before very long, the whole of the Company will be appearing in *Chancery*, having been put there by Mr. PINERO, with Mr. EDWARD TERRY for the trustees. Surely this piece should have been reserved for the Court.

At the Prince's *Called Back* (now said to be Beckoned Forward to the Olympic) has been supplemented with another piece, no doubt suggested by the Oxford Street revival. *A Fireside Hamlet* is chiefly remarkable for a *tour de force* of Mr. BEERDOORN TREE, who plays a part entirely out of his line, in a very praiseworthy manner. Mr. TREE's Artisan is conscientious, but unpleasant. It is reported that the Chinese Ambassador, a few years since, wishing to please a dramatist who had produced a not very successful piece, expressed a strong desire that he might see that piece every night for a thousand years. We could scarcely repeat this desire *à propos* of *A Fireside Hamlet*—at least, not with perfect sincerity. From this it must not be imagined for a moment that Mr. TREE, as might be expected from his name, is a stick. On the contrary, in Mr. COMYNS CARR's serious farce, Mr. TREE's Artisan is true to life, to the verge of boredom.

Things theatrical very quiet everywhere else have, perhaps, at the St. George's Hall, where it is said Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED's Entertainment is nobly holding its own, with a fresh "first part," (which we have not had the advantage of seeing), against the powerful rivalry of the Model of Jerusalem (which we have exhaustively inspected) on view next door. By the way, it has been noticed that Messrs. GERMAN REED and CORNET GRAIN are very fond of going to Law for amusement. Nothing like novelty! And their latest is the work of our favourite Gee-Gee, usually associated with the Carte of the Savoy Co.

READING MADE EASY.—At the Swinton Workhouse Schools the girls, it is stated, among other inducements to study, are presented with prizes for "skipping." In respect of dry books, this encouragement of skipping must tend happily to the prevention of any serious injury from over-pressure.



Farren and another Shine.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

[The creditors of the French Electric Force and Storage Company are requested to send in the particulars of their claims to the official liquidator by the 3rd of January next.—*Money Article in Morning Paper.*]

WHERE is Capital's chance of return?

As for any Joint Stock speculation,
Here's an end of another concern
That looked likely to pay—liquidation!
Though the fundholder's mind it appals
To anticipate fiscal coercion,
You had best, perhaps, purchase Consols,
Notwithstanding the risk of conversion.

Whoever possesses a store,
In these days, is embarrassed with riches,
If so be that his wealth is much more
Than the total amount that his breeches—
Pocket's compass will serve to contain.
By investment afraid to be done, he
Goes about, and you hear him complain,
Crying, "What shall I do with my money?"

No more prospect of dividends snug!
By the share-list, so dreary and dark, it
Is apparent that money's a drug.
As they say upon 'Change, in the market.
All your treasure within a strong-box,
Peradventure, 'twill soon come to looking;
Whilst *Dame Durden* cries, "Bother the Stocks!"
And deposits her hoard in a stocking.

NOT "IN A CONCATENATION ACCORDINGLY."

THE *Standard* is doing good Public Service in calling attention to the prevalence of Needless Noise in London. Railway Whistles ought surely to be de-Wagnerised, and Church Bells, if not Churches, to be ruthlessly dis-established. But when the *Standard* in the same sheet protests against the Destruction of Cats, one feels that it is either strangely inconsistent or cruelly sardonic. One noctivagant Tom is more certainly destructive of quiet than a dozen Railway Whistles and a whole clanging chorus of Church Bells. "Oh, reform them altogether! dear *Standard*, whether with gun, poison, or trap; nobody but your Spinster-Correspondents will greatly care." "The harmless necessary Cat" is a false and question-begging quotation from an effeminate and misleading bard, and the "needless noise" of the ignoble army of Grimalkins should be as the *Lancet* says of other shapes of shindy, "put down with a strong hand"—with a gun in it for choice.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

[The Marquis of SALISBURY says he is going abroad at the turn of the year, as he is rather knocked up, and will not be back until the meeting of Parliament.]

Bon Voyage! Peace greets you in place of a fight,
So you holiday take, and you're doing quite right.
A little knocked up? Well, dear Marquis, don't frown,
That is better than being a good deal knocked down.

THE GOOD OLD STOCK.

At a recent meeting of the Dublin Corporation, to consider the re-naming of a certain famous thoroughfare, Mr. JOHN KENNEDY is reported to have said that—

"As the representative of the Ward in which Sackville Street was included, he wished to say that he had received some threatening letters—(a laugh)—from some of the residents in Sackville Street. They were anonymous, and he didn't know where they came from. (Laughter.) Now, he didn't intend to vote upon this question, but in order to show the senders of these letters that he could not be intimidated, he would vote for the resolution. He knew very well the parties, and he would make the whole of Sackville Street a present to them out of his constituency. ('Oh!')"

After this, would the worthy Town Councillor feel very much insulted if we suggest that he might change his own name from "JOHN KENNEDY" to "JOHN BULL,"—of the well-known family of the "Irish Bulls," of course?

"The Scramble for Africa."

THE West African Conference cannot far wrong go
In arranging for Free Trade all round on the Congo.
But JOHN BULL—who has doubts—feels it much to be wished
That in settling the "Basin" he may not be dished.

AFTER THE PLAY.

A Critical Dramatic Duologue.

CHARACTERS.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*Post Laureate*).HENRY THE SECOND (*King of England*).*A Publisher's Office in London. Interior of Room of Head of the Firm. Newspapers lying about.*

HENRY and ALFRED glancing at Press Notices.

HENRY.

The papers praise you.

ALFRED.

Nearly all, my liege.

HENRY.

Yet have you played strange tricks. Look, ALFRED, here—
This opening game of chess. These ancient jokes:—
I doubt me if in all my dullest moods
I ever fell in fun so low as this.

ALFRED.

The wit is sound and old. Beside, my liege,
I gave it to your Chancellor.

HENRY.

You did;

And might, methinks, in such a roaring vein,
Have thrown a scrap to me.

ALFRED.

You close the fun

By one transcendent joke that fitly caps
The whole. You kick the table over!

HENRY (*thoughtfully*).

True;

And I have seen that tell where keener wit
Hath failed to raise a laugh. (*He rises.*) Nay, but let's pass
To nobler workmanship. I grant you, then,
That on the sombre texture of your work
Broad scattered lie rare gems of graceful speech,—
Jewels of summer song,—gold threads of thought,
That, woven, wind amid the duller web,
And grace it for the eyes of all! Why, then,
When thou canst strike so sweet a lyre, and stir
Such music, needst thou seize the drum and pipes,
And strive to wake a mirthless din as clown?

ALFRED.

My liege, I understand you not;—unless
(*He pauses.*) My beggar-scene—?

HENRY.

Yes, ALFRED, it was that!

See how your conscience trips you. That one scene
Would all suffice (let's fall to common speech)—
To damn a dozen plays.

ALFRED.

Nay, stop, my liege!

I wrote no play,—at least no play to serve
As food for modern taste. It is corrupt.
My beggars are rare racy fun.

HENRY (*pointing out a passage*).

What? This?

That's bad enough.

ALFRED.

I thought it rather good.

HENRY.

Then, ALFRED, thou'lt unthink thyself. But come,
Let go thy fooling. Tell me, what is this?

[*Indicates the title to him.*]

ALFRED.

This? (*reading*) "BECKET"?

HENRY.

Ay! Why "BECKET"? Where's his "A"?

I know no "BECKET," nor the centuries
That passing have paid homage to the name
Of England's great Archbishop.

ALFRED.

True, my liege,

But "BECKET" is a modern fad that smacks
Of scholarship. Facts men can not re-write,
But ancient names they can to newer shapes
Remould.

HENRY.

ALFRED, I fear you do not read
Your Mrs. MARKHAM!

ALFRED.

But, I do protest!

'Twas there that I did find—

HENRY.

Fair ROSAMUND?

Who hath at Astley's, in the palmy days,
Figured in some such goodly company
As this of thine—methinks upon a horse!
Go to, then, with thy close historic truth.
"BECKET" without his "A"! Why, then, am I,
Without my "H," but simple EN-ER-Y!
King EN-ER-Y of England!

ALFRED (*musings*).

But I like

The softening sound. I'll think that out!

HENRY.

Thou wilt!

And thou, my Scholar, with thy modern fad,
Shall be to us henceforth our ALFRED!

ALFRED.

Ha!

But no. Your liege is jesting.

HENRY.

Nay, 'tis truth.

The sauce that suits the gander fits the goose.
And now about your *Knights*?

ALFRED (*aside*).

I'll hear no more.

This King's too wise!

HENRY.

Let's take FITZURKE, your villain—

[*A step without.*]

ALFRED.

Excuse me—but I think I hear MACMILLAN!

[*Vanishes.*]

"A MEDICAL HERO."

UNDER the above title, *Mr. Punch*, some weeks ago, commemorated in a sonnet the untimely death of Dr. RABBETH, who perished in an heroic attempt to save the life of a child suffering from diphtheria. It is now proposed to perpetuate Dr. RABBETH's name, and the sacrifice of his valuable life, by the establishment of Memorial Medals or Scholarship prizes at the University of London and King's College, and the endowment of children's cots at the latter place and the Royal Free Hospital.

The Committee is headed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Sir WILLIAM JENNER, and the Honorary Secretaries are to be addressed at King's College, while aid is asked in furtherance of these schemes. As we wrote of Dr. RABBETH's self-devotion, "He died for Science—Heaven rest his soul!" and those who appreciate such a sacrifice, cannot do better than contribute according to their means. *Mr. Punch* earnestly puts before his readers the Commemoration of as noble a deed as any of those which won the Victoria Cross.

Well Done, Whitechapel!

[A mosaic from the picture of "*Life, Death, and Judgment*," by Mr. WATTS, R.A., has been placed outside St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, by friends of the Vicar, the Rev. SAMUEL A. BARNETT, who has done so much to spread a taste for Art in that quarter.]

THAT there are wise men in our East
We know, and BARNETT's one at least.
Whate'er Whitechapel's banes or blots,
In Art at least it knows what's WATTS!

MR. WILLIAM HOLLAND, not "WILLIAM The Silent," but erst the People's Caterer, announces that he is going to "Witch the World with Noble Horsemanship" at Covent Garden. He himself is not going to appear as *Johnny Gilpin*, we believe, nor as *Maseppa*, though in either character Dutch WILLIAM won't be a great attraction; but he is going, according to his programme, to give us "Revels of the Athletes" on Boxing Day. This does sound appropriate, "the Athletes on Boxing Day!" The Circus will be the Prize Ring, the Dress-circle will be the seats for the "Corinthians," and anyone who wants to learn the Noble Art can have a private box on application at the office. It sounds all right.



THE OLD, OLD STORY!

The Colonel. "YES; HE WAS SENIOR WRANGLER OF HIS YEAR, AND SHE TOOK A MATHEMATICAL SCHOLARSHIP AT GIRTON; AND NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED!"

Mrs. Jones. "DEAR ME, HOW INTERESTING! AND OH, HOW DIFFERENT THEIR CONVERSATION MUST BE FROM THE INSIPID TWADDLE OF ORDINARY LOVERS!"

THEIR CONVERSATION.

He. "AND WHAT WOULD DOVEY DO, IF LOVEY WERE TO DIE?"

She. "OH, DOVEY WOULD DIE TOO!"

"GOOD NIGHT!"

Boots loquitur:—

Good night! Well, if ever two Gemmen looked fagged,
It's this same blessed pair, and no wonder, I'm sure.
Now their leg-weary persons upstairs they have dragged,
Let us hope they may slumber serene and secure;
And as long as the lodger, that snoozer first-class,
Whose prolonged forty winks so surprised *Sampson Brass*.

What a time they have had of it! "Sleep while you may,
Mr. SPEAKER," sang *PRAED*. It was friendly advice,
But to gents who have had such a precious long day,
How the curtains must coax and the pillows entice!
And, turning their backs upon waking pursuits,
How sweet to unbutton and chuck off their boots!

They drop with a flop that expresses relief,
And the parting instructions are checked by a yawn.
All serene, my revered and redoubtable Chief!
Needn't trouble, I see, to wake you with the dawn.
Bless your nightcap, old boy, if rest's rosier fruits
You don't pluck, it shall not be the fault of the "Boots."

And you with the beard sable-silvered like that
Of *Prince Hamlet's* papa, never glance at the clock,
My knuckles won't yearn for the rousing rat-tat,
Or come with *Macduff's* most inopportune knock.
May no ghosts 'twixt your curtains disturbingly peep,
No bothersome dream, like *Macbeth*, murder sleep.

You may sleep like a top, *BARBAROSSA*, *EL CHICO*,
The Seven of Ephesus rolled into one,

Too *matinal Mocha*, precipitate *Pekoe*,
Shan't shatter your slumbers and spoil all the fun.
Nor dread premature tintinnabulant tinkle,
Though snoozing like somnolent old *Rip Van Winkle*.

To *la Belle au Bois dormant* you two may give odds,
You have earned your repose, and the world won't complain,
You'll doubtless find *Morpheus* the nicest of gods,
And won't yearn for the charms of *Aurora* again.
Like a brace of *Tithonuses* tuck up your toes,
And sing *Somnus's* praise with mellifluous nose!

You your squabbles have had, but all's well that well ends,
And now, at the term of the day and the pother,
You seem so well matched and such excellent friends
I had best chalk your soles—to know one pair from t'other,
Good night! And I'm sure you'll not wish night out shorter,
Or long for the coming of morn—and hot water!

MR. PUNCH bows his acknowledgments to *Good Words*, which has had more than one good word for *Mr. Punch*. Having been born within the sound of Bow Bells, he cannot help being a son of Cockaigne, though he is so cosmopolitan as to be able to sympathise with everybody all the world over. Still, from a Cockney point of view, the only thing that *Mr. Punch* has to regret about that truly appreciative, just, and generous article, is that it should bear the signature of—"WALKER." He would not have your or his enemies say so, and therefore he says it himself.

GOOD CHRISTMAS OMEN.—"Yule-tide" has a pleasant sound to a man in difficulties; it seems to say, "You'll tide over 'em."



“GOOD NIGHT!”

Lord S-T-S-B-X }
Mr. G-L-D-E-T-X } (together). “DON’T CALL US TILL THE NINETEENTH OF FEBRUARY!!!”



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

OUR ADVERTISERS. (LITERARY.)

(N.B.—Very Special.)

UTTER AND HOPELESS FAILURE IN LIFE.

"UTTER AND HOPELESS FAILURE IN LIFE" at this festive season of the year may be invited by many and enjoyed by all who neither looking back into *THE REMOTEST AGES OF ANTIQUITY*, nor taking any thought about the consequences likely to result in that not "FAR DISTANT BUT INEVITABLE TO-MORROW," indulge freely and simultaneously in porter, mild ales, hair-oil, dark sherries, sweet champagne, muffins, tinned oysters, wedding-cake, beetle-poison, cough-lozenges, Turkish sea-bathing, patent medicines, linoleum, and other delightful but fatal *CIVILISED ALLUREMENTS TO DESTRUCTION*, which have been, not once nor twice, but frequently condemned not only by the Faculty but possibly, also, in his more reflective moments, by the

EMPEROR OF GERMANY,

who had, he remarked, on any occasion whatever that

LORD WOLSELEY, K.C.B.,

happening to find himself suddenly in one of the longest reaches of the Blue Nile, seized by the heels, and on the spot

SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR!

would scarcely have time, even if disposed to do so, to make head or tail of

THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS,

need not have been so very far out in any other problematical calculation—he might have been called upon to hazard either in relation to the possibility of his making, unaided, a fairly amusing but happily conceived wax effigy of

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, M.P.,

or of any other pleasing and notable person that, carried carelessly under a ladder, might involve an unforeseen pail of whitewash

COMING DOWN ON HIS HEAD!

But it must be always borne in mind by those to whom the above Prologue is but a mystic introduction to the veiled but incalculable blessing that is to follow, that

THE REAL SECRET OF A HAPPY CHRISTMAS IS NOT A CHRONIC CONDITION OF INDIGESTION.

Indeed, it has already been satisfactorily experienced by thousands, that even the

ENFRANCHISEMENT OF TWO MILLIONS

is no real Panacea, but that the veritable, lasting, and only cure for Butchers' Bills, Giddiness, Mental Depression, Bad Drainage, Want of Appetite, Threatening Letters, Billiousness, Smoky Chimneys, Bronchitis, Gas Escape, Bankruptcy, Chilblains, and all the thousand and one other ills and annoyances peculiar to the festive season of the year, is the increasing daily and hourly

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PUNCH'S ALMANACK for 1885,

Prepared only at the

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

A NEW TIME-TABLE.

"If certain reformers are to have their way, we shall have twenty-four sets of figures on our clocks and watches in the future. The hours are to be counted right on from midnight to midnight."—*St. James's Gazette*.

We always break our fast at Nine,
At Fourteen take our lunch;
At Seventeen for tea we pine,
And crisp dry toast we crunch!
Though Twenty is the hour to dine,

'Tis possible that you

May like to dawdle o'er the wine
Until it's Twenty-Two!
And then tobacco I foresee
You'll gladly linger o'er—
But all good folks, no doubt,
Should be
In bed by Twenty-Four!

"ANCIENTS" OF THE INNS.—Who are they? Like "Ancient" Pistol who "took his ease in his Inn," and eased pockets when out of it? Is "Ancient" synonymous with "Old Soldier?"

A REAL CHAMPION OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.—"The Dean of Battle."

ETON FOOT-BALL.

Special Report by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Corner.



Flying Man.



Post and Back Up Post.



Long Behind and Short Behind.



Old Eat-onions.



The Usual Bully.



After the Kick-off James effected a Fine Run,



Which he finished up by sending the Ball just over the Cross Bar.



Change was announced.



A Scrim-age.



Time was then called.



They made one Rouge.

"L'EMPIRE C'EST LA PIÈCE."—At the Empire Theatre, to follow Mr. SOLOMON's *Polly*, comes not a young gentleman, but a *La Belle Sauvage Pocahontas*, an Opera by the same Composer. If his work is successful, the Directors and their Company will stick to SOLOMON, and the Empire will be known as SOLOMON'S Temple—of *Opera Bouffe*.



"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

Magistrate (newly appointed). "NOW, CONSTABLE, WHAT CASES THIS MORNING?"

Police Sergeant. "PLEASE, YOUR WORSHIP, I HAVE IN CUSTODY—JOHN SIMMONS, ALIAS JONES, ALIAS SMITH, AL—"

Magistrate. "AH, WELL—I'LL TRY THE WOMEN FIRST. BRING IN ALICE JONES!"

JUSTICE IN A NEW LIGHT.

(Something more than a Farce founded upon Facts.)

SCENE—One of the Royal Courts of Justice after the re-installation of the Electric Light. The place brilliantly illuminated. Judge presiding. Bar, Witnesses, and the usual accessories of a Court of Justice.

Judge (looking up from his Notes). Well, this is really very delightful, and I think we ought to congratulate ourselves upon the change. Without the electric light, on a foggy afternoon such as this, we could not have seen to read the largest type, and now—(All the lights go out suddenly, and the place is left in utter darkness.) Dear me! What can be the matter?

Voice. Please, your Lordship, I think it must be something wrong with the machinery.

Judge. I don't recognise the voice, but is it an expert who is addressing us? (A pause.) I mean someone who knows anything about the lighting apparatus. (Another pause.) Who has been speaking to me?

Voice. Please, Sir, it's me—the chap as waits for the copy for the evening papers.

Judge. Tut, tut! As you are not a suitor conducting or defending a case in person, you have no right of audience, Sir! Well, we must get on as well as we can. Mr. WIGBLOCK, have you any more witnesses? I cannot see you, for even the wig of the Registrar is now out of sight. You are there, Mr. WIGBLOCK, are you not?

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. Yes, my Lord.

Judge. Quite so. Sorry I have not the advantage of seeing you. Now proceed. (Babel of sounds.)

Voice of Usher (after three minutes' confusion). Silence! Judge. Will someone please feel about the witness-box to ascertain if anyone is occupying it?

Voice of Usher (after a careful examination). Yes, my Lord. There is somebody.

Judge. Oh, very well. Then go on.

Voice from Witness-Box. Please, my Lord, I fancy I have been sworn by mistake. I am summoned here for a breach of promise case.

Judge. Dear me! This is very careless! No; we don't want you, Sir, unless you can tell us something about this disputed patent.

Voice from Witness-Box. What patent, my Lord? Here! I say! what are you about? [Is hustled out of the Court in the dark.]

Foreman of Jury. Please, my Lord, I find that seven of the jury have played a very dirty trick upon us. Taking advantage of the breakdown of the lighting apparatus, they have gone away, and there's only five of us left.

Judge. Disgraceful! I cannot see my clerk or my desk. If I have to address the Bar I have to stoop in a most constrained and undignified manner to make myself heard. I wish some friend, powerful enough to move the Authorities, would help me. Ah! I have it! I will call upon Mr. Punch! Well, I don't know what we can do now—but adjourn.

Voice (from back of the Court). Perhaps, my Lord, you might take our case. I appear in it in person, and so does the Defendant. If you will only listen to us, we don't mind about anything else. As our case is likely to occupy a fortnight—

Voice of Defendant. No—three weeks.

Voice of Plaintiff. Well, let's say a month. We might take a bit of it now.

Judge. Really this seems a reasonable proposal. Well, you can go on.

Voices. Thank you very much, my Lord.

[Personally conducted case is personally conducted in the usual fashion for two or three hours. At the end of the time, Judge yawns, and stretches himself.]

Judge (to Litigants). I think that will do for to-day. (Addressing Audience.) And now, has any one got a light?

The Junior Bar (en masse). Here, my Lord!

Judge. Thank you very much.

[Scene closes in upon his Lordship arranging the next day's cause-list by the light of a fuses.]



UNFAIR TRADE WINDS.

"SALVATION" AND SAFETY.

THE riots created by the Eastbourne division of the Salvation Army on Sunday continue to be regularly reported by the Monday morning papers. As thus:—

"THE SALVATION ARMY.—The processions of the Salvation Army were renewed yesterday at Eastbourne, and great uproar prevailed in the streets. Police protection was needed at the services."

Was Police protection withdrawn from the town meanwhile? If so, the Salvationist service is the thieves' and burglars' opportunity at Eastbourne. Better, then, that the Salvation Army should be left to fight its own battles, if Magistrates and Municipal Authorities have no power, or no will, to restrain it from acting on the offensive.

PICTURE FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH indignantly declining to be responsible for a declaration of WAR.

BETWEEN THE TWO.

At the close of a recent trial there was "applause in Court," whereupon Mr. Justice DENMAN exclaimed, "This is not a theatre!" *Ergo*, you may not applaud. During another case there was "laughter," and, in reply to Mr. WILLIS, the Counsel, who objected to the laughing, Mr. Justice BUTT said, "It is true it is a Court of Law, but it is not a Church." *Ergo*, you may laugh. Much virtue in a "Butt."

We present the two Judges with the following quatrain, which may be sung to two in a bar:—

Says DENMAN, severely, "My Court is the Law's.

'Tis not a Theatre; so stop your applause."

Says BUTT, "In my Court do not keep your mouth shut, You're expected to laugh where there's such a good Butt."

EVERYBODY'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—Number One.

THE COMING CONTINENT.

"Teneo te, Africa!" quoted Mr. Punch from the thrasonic epigrammatist, as, turning a ready corner on the Congo, he came at last face to face with the dusky VENUS of the Dark Continent.

"Indeed!" said the swart Beauty, with a slightly sardonic smile. "Do you speak as a Detective, or a Conqueror?"

"As neither, but as a friend, and—may I say?—admirer," responded the Ubiquitous One, with a courteous bow.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said VENUS, "for really I am now pursued by so many would-be Cæsars and pseudo-Scipios, that I begin to feel like a Diana who is hunted, instead of huntress. Oh, do not be afraid—I shall not serve you as poor Actæon was served, because I know that you will treat me with the politeness due to a Goddess of Colour, not—as so many of my violent votaries do—with the rough and ready worship suited to a Coal-black Rose."

"Precisely," replied Mr. Punch. "Toss, don't bark at that Crocodile!"

"It is a tame one, and won't hurt him," said the Goddess, stooping pleasantly to pat the dog of dogs. "But pray, Mr. Punch, what is the reason for the recent universal rush for my shrine?"

"Need I name any beyond the attraction of your charms?" said the Sage, gallantly.

"What?" cried the Goddess. "I—"

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black!

rather more so, I fancy, than that man-hunter 'The Serpent of old Nile,' draw into my train, at this time of day, the most stalwart manhood of the White West, from DE BRAZZA to BISMARCK, from STANLEY to—yourself?"

"Extremely natural, my dear Goddess," replied Mr. Punch. "The fact is, yours is the Coming Continent. As Penthesilea came to the aid of the Trojans, you come—only more fortunately I trust—to the aid of the crowded West."

"Well," murmured the Goddess, musingly, "I must say I rather like STANLEY's style of wooing."

"Brisk, isn't he?" said the Sage.

"But not brutal, like—well, never mind who," replied the Dusky One. "If Somebody on the Nile had shown as much dash and decision as he on the Congo!"

"What do you think of GORDON?" asked her interlocutor, adroitly. "Fighting for his own hand, even HANNIBAL would hardly have been in it with him. But you really think my day is dawning?"

"Sure of it," said Mr. Punch. "That's why I'm here. The Dark Continent is about to be enlightened, and I, the Great Enlightener, must take my part in the process. Ten million square miles of undeveloped country will require a little more illumination than even BISMARCK can give."

"Ah, he's another of them," smiled the Venus of the Congo. "Rather late in the field, but intends having his share of it, apparently. The Attis story seems inverted. I feel rather like one Venus having to choose between half-a-dozen Parisés. The question is, who is to have the Apple?"

"I guess you'll have to divide it, Goddess," said Mr. Punch, significantly.

"And Mr. Punch's portion?" queried the Ebony Enchantress, archly.

"Oh, I'll make that over to my friend, JOHN BULL," responded the Ever-Ready.

"Well, he'll want it if he doesn't hold his own a little better than he's been doing of late," said Venus. "On all my streams—the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Orange, the Vaal—he has resolute rivals and astute competitors."

"If they had their way, his share of the Apple would be smaller than the robin's much-grudged mouthful in MULREADY's picture of 'The Bird,'" said Mr. Punch. "But, JOHN, though sometimes seeming slow for an ardent wooer, is apt to outstay the more fiery comers-on. Look at India and America!"

"Whilst they have thriven and been thronged, my domains, but for a fringe of squabbling colonists and a few enterprising explorers, have been left a wealth-teeming solitude and a fertile waste," said the Venus of the Dark Continent.

"But now your time is come," responded the Great in Council. "What wonder you have so many wooers? History lies before you, and crowded Commerce seeks your heretofore lonely feet. What STANLEY describes as 'a plateau continent of from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea, with a sea-front all round descending in successive terraces to the sea' will not much longer be the Dark Continent—especially since I am here! By the brown fast-flowing Congo I promise you, Goddess, not to track your rivers like STANLEY, nor to contend for your land like the Portuguese, the Frenchman, the Briton, and the Teuton—not even to allot you by Treaty, or set you right by Conference. But my Words and Works—words of light, and works of leading—shall be at your service; and with them, in addition to Peace, Free Trade, and a reasonable stint of Fire Water,

such a future is before you as HANNIBAL never foresaw, and "Sidonian Dido" would have been startled at the dream of.

African Aphrodite bent a beaming smile upon the Oracle of Fleet Street. "STANLEY," said she, "is stout, and BISMARCK is astute; but, had I the Apple here, it should be yours; for more certainly even than my beloved Congo, you have found your way to 'the heart of Africa.'"

WHAT IS A DEPUTY-ALDERMAN?

In answer to the very natural question, "What is a Deputy-Alderman?" I beg to inform your innumerable readers that he is, in the first place, a distinguished and fortunate City Corporator, selected by an Alderman as his especial guide, philosopher, and friend. He must be a man of large and varied experience, so as to be able to direct his honoured chief what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid. He warns him, for instance, against thick turtle, sweet champagne, and fruity port, and impresses upon him the desirability of genial manners, short speeches, and lavish hospitality, which last grand Christian virtue he is always ready to advocate both theoretically and practically. He wears a gorgeous scarlet uniform, with sword, spurs, and cocked-hat and feathers, which his portly form, the natural result of his prolonged municipal experience, sets off to great advantage.

The PRINCE OF WALES, once upon a time, astonished at the striking resemblance between a full-blown Deputy Alderman and a Major-General, cruelly deprived all future D. A.'s of their beloved silver epaulettes, but which are still boastfully worn by all of previous creation. Her Most Gracious MAJESTY the QUEEN has such an amount of affection for these civic warriors, that she creates them all "Her Majesty's Lieutenants of the City of London," under which proud designation they appear in that most interesting volume, *The Upper Ten Thousand*, a copy of which, price 12s., is always to be found lying, rather obtrusively, upon the Drawing-room Table. Not content with thus showing her appreciation of this gallant Corps, Her MAJESTY, once a year, kindly addresses them as "Her trusty and well-beloved," and confers upon them the not properly appreciated title of "Esquire." Their Coachmen and Grooms, if they have any, are entitled to wear cockades on their hats, a privilege that all rightly constituted minds will properly value; and, when Her MAJESTY reviews her troops in Hyde Park, they are entitled, if on horseback—rather a severe trial to some of them—to ride boldly into the charmed circle.

When visiting Paris, their title of "Deputy" secures them the attentions and privileges usually reserved for Members of Parliament, and all public buildings fly open before the magic name. Upon the decease, or resignation, of their Chief, they are invariably solicited to succeed him, when, should their hopes soar so "giddy high," a career of honour opens before them, culminating in the supreme dignity of Lord Mayor of the City of London, that may well satisfy the ambition of any honest man. They are a remarkably fine race of men, and were at one time allotted the chief seats in the Council Chamber, but the democratic tendency of these degenerate days has abolished this much-prized distinction, and they are now relegated to the society of mere Common Councillmen.

J. LITOUÉ.

QUESTIONS FOR THE QUESTIONERS.

Put by Mr. Punch.

To ask Sir WILFRED LAWSON.—Whether he objects to "The power of the Press and the Platform," when used on his side and in favour of his fads.

To ask Mr. LABOUCHÈRE.—Whether he thinks the guffaw or the chuckle the better exponent of true Statesmanship, and whether he would like to live in a country ruled or guided by Sir WILFRED LAWSON.

To ask Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.—Whether he has read the letters in the *Standard* on the Nuisance of Needless Noise.

To ask Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL.—Whether he can give an assurance that he will not endeavour to commit Her MAJESTY's Government to any pledges involving the achievement of the absolutely impossible, without first consulting Common Sense and the Laws of Nature.

To ask Mr. PHASE.—Whether it is principle or spite which would be gratified by compelling a sick Railway Traveller on a cold night to go to the buffet for a flask of spirit, instead of having it brought to his carriage by the usual boy-vendor.

To ask Baron W. DE WORMS, Mr. WARTON, and all whom it may concern, whether if a wise questioning is—as BACON says—the half of Science, they can say what fractional part of ignorance is represented by any amount of foolish questioning.

MOTTO FOR STAPLES INN.—"Dissolutions of Ancient Amities."—*Leadr*, Act I. sc. 2.

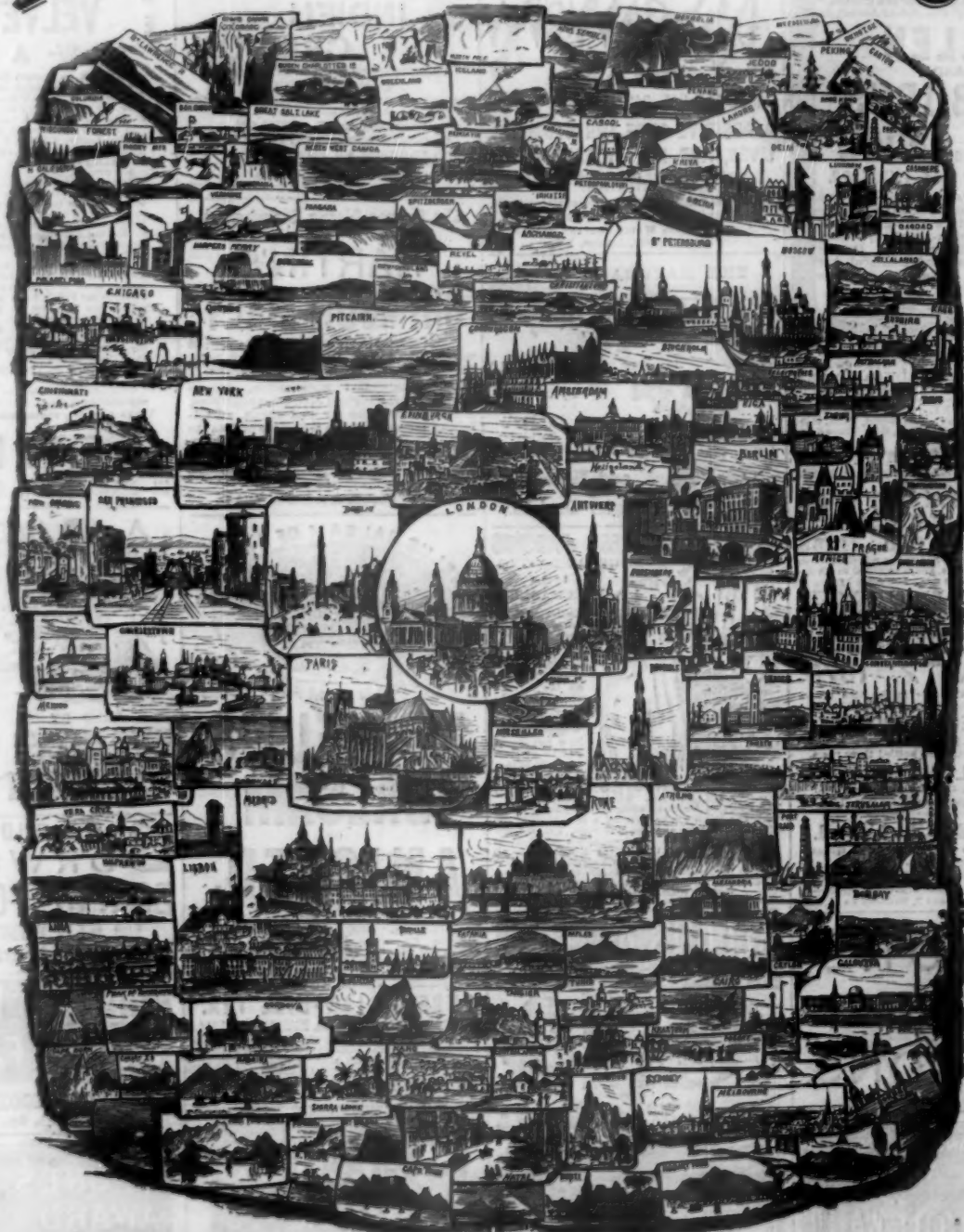
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